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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The String of Pearls. By G. P. R. James, author of "Richelieu," "Henry Masterton," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bentley. Few faculties more deserve or better repay cultivation than that of the imagination; it is the soil of mind whence flowers and fruits equally spring. The child when

"Delightfully dwells he mihi fays and talismans"

is not only rich in present pleasure, but is unconsciously nourishing a sense which, through all his after-life, will prove one of his purest sources of enjoyment. The tales before us embody oriental superstitions under the form of pleasant narrative; and, in addition to interesting stories, the young reader will obtain much knowledge of the customs, manners, beliefs, and traditions of the East, which Mr. James must have turned over many a grave tome to acquire. We cannot here but observe, how much more moral the Asiatic mythology is than the Greekian. In the Olympian creed, the deities were rather capricious than just, and mingled with mankind not for the benefit of the inferior race, but for their own pleasures; while a terrible and inevitable Destiny oppressed all with equal injustice and cruelty. But in eastern tradition, the consequences of good and of evil are ever kept in view; the one is rewarded and the other punished, while benevolence is especially inculcated. When superior spirits mingle with mankind, it is for their advantage and instruction, or to counteract the designs of evil genii. It is from Arabian, not from classical literature, that our own fictions have taken the prevailing custom, of always finally punishing vice and rewarding virtue.

Rich in fancy, telling their story with great animation, these volumes deserve warm commendation. We must endeavour to give a specimen of their style, which, however, is not very easily done; for the tales are too long for quotation, and too connected to admit well of being broken into small portions. We must try. Even in these days of rail-roads, the following chariot would bear competition:

"When they had proceeded for some way along the banks of the lake—which were as beautiful as can be conceived, shaded with tall trees that hung down to the water, which, being very clear, reflected again all their leaves, and the beautiful flowers that some of them bore,—they came at last to a little shady bay, round about being room enough for several persons to stand, but so surrounded by rocks, mountains, and forests, that nobody could overlook them, or see what they were about; and here Mahmood, the governor, stopped short, and taking the wood out of the hands of the slave, he made it into a pile, and putting the lamp to it, it presently took fire, and blazed up very high. As soon as he saw that it was thoroughly kindled, he ran round it three times."

<sup>1</sup> "In all magical ceremonies upon record, there will, I believe, be found some use made of a circle, which has always been considered the emblem of eternity: running three times round the fire was, therefore, perfectly con-

repeating certain words in a low voice, which Prince Acbar, though he knew many languages, did not at all understand. Then snatching one of the lighted sticks from the fire, he took one and drew some characters on the sand, such as we often see written on sabres and talismans. When he had done this, he retired back a little, and threw the stick into the lake; whereupon immediately they found the ground shake under them, and a great fear fell upon the slave, who thought that the day of judgment was about to come; but presently the ground opened before them, where Mahmood had written the characters, and instantly closed again, leaving behind a beautiful and rich chariot, made of the shell of a certain fish that lives in the China seas, and one of which, when empty, is large enough to contain a man upright. The wheels of the chariot were of amethyst, and the axle-tree consisted of one single stick of amber. Prince Acbar could have looked at the chariot for ever, had not his admiration been turned to the horses, which were of a dazzling whiteness, without one spot or blemish, with their nostrils and pasterns of pale pink; but that which was most extraordinary was, that just above their shoulder bone began the blade of a long wing, which folding down on each side, after the fashion of a bird's, were also of an excessive whiteness, all except one spot, exactly in the centre, which was enriched with rose colour and gold. It is also a thing to be remarked, that these wings lay flat and close to their body, and were covered with feathers similar to those of a swan. But it was their actions which surprised Prince Acbar even more than their appearance; for no sooner did they perceive the fire which the governor had lighted, but they both fell upon it, as other horses would do upon corn, and had soon eaten every bit up, flames and all. When Mahmood saw that the horses had quite done their fiery meal, he hastened Prince Acbar to take his seat in the chariot, and he himself followed, making the slave sit himself down at their feet, for it was scarcely large enough to hold three. As soon as they were all seated, the horses gave a loud neigh, and expanded their wings, which they fanned backwards and forwards for a minute or two, collecting air. At the same time, the amber axle of the chariot began to move of itself, and eight wings, exactly like those of the horses, starting out from the wheels, four being placed at equal distances on each wheel, were all at once put in motion by the turning of the axle-tree, and speedily wafted the chariot into the air."

sistent with every principle of magic, three being a cabalist number of great influence." The third was sent to bear some affinity to the camel, which, according to the Mahomedan superstition, will be sent to carry the true believers into Paradise, which are furnished with white wings, and decked with gold. But this tale, which I believe originated with Ali, seems rather at variance with the doctrine of the prophet himself; for how the camels could carry their riders over the Sinal, which is a bridge sharper than the edge of a cimeter, I cannot conceive, unless they had been trained to rope dancing; and as it is positively prohibited to enter Paradise by any other means, their wings would be of no service."

The next extract might be a parallel to the story of the German prince, who, arriving in London at night, was quite distressed that the inhabitants should have illuminated on his account.

"The shop of an oriental tradesman is most frequently entirely detached from his dwelling; and so little idea have the nations of Asia of lighting their streets by any means, that when one of their most enlightened monarchs was informed that some of our cities were illuminated every night with globe lamps, he treated it as a traveller's tale, and concluded his expression of disbelief by saying, 'It cannot be true, for I should like to know who would pay for it,' with which sage remark all the sceptical court were very much delighted, and laughed three times at the joke of the sultan."

All our rapid buildings, even by contract, do not equal the edifices in Shadukian.

"The next thing he saw was a palace constructed of roses, without any wood or stone whatever, and these were so fancifully trained, that of themselves they formed pillars and windows, and terraces, and were of three sorts—red, white, and blue, regularly disposed; and these, he was informed by the genii, never decayed, and only from the growing of the plants changed their places, but always so as to form some new sort of architecture, keeping in just symmetry and proportion. When he had done admiring this, he turned to the other side, and beheld a palace built of a great number of columns of gold, which dazzled his eyes very much, as they were continually turning round so rapidly that he could scarcely see them; and which he could not at all comprehend, until such time as the genii told him that they belonged to a certain fairy, who delighted in air, and whose palace was made by forty whirlwinds, which, taking up the golden sand, as the wind does the sands of the desert, formed those columns which he saw. 'And if you will raise your eyes,' continued the genii, 'you will see that she has arched them all over with rainbows, which form a perfect dome.'"

We conclude with the famous sayings of Jemahed :

"The first was, 'God has no partner in his wisdom; doubt not, therefore, though thou understandest not.' The second, 'Greatness followeth no man, but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune.' The third was written, 'Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice.' The fourth was, 'Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.' The fifth, 'He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived; but he that saith thou art always right, is surely a liar.' The sixth, 'Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not his wisdom, be pitiful, to merit his affection.' The seventh, 'Man is mixed of virtues and of vices; love his virtues in others, but abhor his vices in thyself.' The eighth, 'Seek not for faults,

but search diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses are faded."

We must, however, give the magic chariot a magic boat for companion.

"He perceived something coming towards him from the island, which at first seemed only a bright spark upon the dark struggling of the distant waves; but very soon he saw that it was a boat made of a single diamond, which was so fine that it cast a light upon the water round it like the beams of the sun. In shape it resembled a half moon; and though there was no one in it to guide it, and its sail was nothing but one snowy white feather of immense size, yet it came gliding along on the top of the spray and billows, as if it had all been quite calm and smooth."

The present work is particularly interesting, for it is the one which Messrs. Colburn and Bentley liberally purchased in MS., and whose product Mr. James presented to the Literary Fund. Its future possessors will thus have the satisfaction of adding charity to their gratification. Literature is the most uncertain of professions: dependent on health, on the contingencies of caprice, on the chances of trade. A fund whose aid has so often comforted the sick and the unfortunate, well deserves the encouragement which has hitherto rewarded its exertions. *The String of Pearls* has been one of its tributes; and, both in this light, and for its own merits, we earnestly direct towards this work the attention of the public. They will find it verify the excellent old saying,—"A good action is its own reward."

*A Manual of Grecian Antiquities; being a compendious Account of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks: with an Appendix on the Greek Coinage and Currency.* By G. H. Smith. 12mo. pp. 283. London, 1832.

Priestley.

We do not merely consider this volume to be an excellent book for upper-form boys and youthful students, but to possess merits which entitle it to the praise of the more mature scholar. The explanations of technical words and phrases relating to Grecian antiquities throw a strong light upon the delightful classics in that language, and enable us clearly to understand customs and manners which are otherwise perplexing, if not unintelligible, and to form a very sufficient idea of the character, polity, and religion of the Greeks. For this purpose he has laid Professor Heeren under large and judicious contribution; and has also advantageously consulted Potter, Dr. Robinson, Genelli, Dr. Cardwell, and other eminent writers.

Referring for good examples of the author's diligence and talent to a chapter of introductory remarks on the gods, another on dramatic contests, and also on the army, navy, architecture, and computation of time, we shall endeavour to exhibit the ability he has displayed by an extract or two, readily separable from the rest.

On the Religion of the Greeks it is well said—"Beside the popular religion, Greece possessed a religion of the initiated, preserved in the mysteries. The symbolical meaning would have been lost, if no means had been provided to ensure its preservation. The mysteries afforded such means. Their great end, therefore, was to preserve the knowledge of the peculiar attributes of those divinities which had been incorporated into the popular religion under new forms; what powers and objects of nature they represented; and how these, and how the universe came into being; in a word,

cosmogonies, like those contained in the Orphic doctrines. This knowledge, though in part preserved by oral instruction, was perpetuated by symbolical usages and representations. The mysteries preserved a reverence for sacred things, and this gave them their political importance. Although they had their secrets, yet not every thing connected with them was secret. They had, like those of Eleusis, their public festivals, processions, and pilgrimages, in which none but the initiated took a part; yet no one was prohibited from being a spectator. Whilst the multitude was permitted to gaze at them, it learned to believe that there was something sublimer than any thing with which it was acquainted, revealed only to the initiated; and while the value of that sublimer knowledge did not consist in secrecy alone, it did not lose any of its value by being concealed. Thus the popular religion and the secret doctrines, although always distinguished from each other, united in serving to curb the people."

Of the ancient Drama,—"Among the Greeks the drama was an affair of religion, and therefore an essential part of the festivals; and these being considered the business of the state, and regarded as necessities, not luxuries, hence a Grecian state could not exist without festivals, nor festivals without choruses and plays. The theatres were built and decorated at the public expense; and there is no instance of their having been erected by private persons, as was usual at Rome. The representation of plays was one of the civil burdens (*λαυρογία*), which the opulent were obliged to bear in rotation, or which they voluntarily undertook; but although the state threw these expenses in part upon private persons, they were not the less a public concern, as they were considered a contribution due to the state. In accordance with the origin of the drama, its contests were confined to the *Dionysia*, or festivals of Bacchus, the patron deity of scenic entertainments. These festivals were three in number, and took place in the spring months of the Attic year. *Τὰ κατ' ἄργον*, or the *rural Dionysia*, were held in all the country towns and villages throughout Attica, in *Ιουνίου*, the sixth Athenian month, corresponding to the latter part of December and the beginning of January. Aristophanes has left us a picture of this festival in the *Acharnians*. It was at the second *Dionysia*, τὰ Ανταιά, or τὰ Λίμναι, so termed from *Λίμναι*, a part of the city near the Acropolis, in which was situated the *Δίνεα*, an enclosure dedicated to Bacchus, that the comic contests were more particularly, though not exclusively held: as not unfrequently the rival comedians exhibited their new pieces during the *great Dionysia*. *Τὰ ιστού*, τὰ κατ' ἔστη, τὰ ἀστικά, or τὰ μηδέλα διονύσια. At the time of this festival there was always a great concourse of strangers in Athens: deputations bringing the tribute from the several dependent states, visitants from the cities in alliance, and foreigners from all parts of the civilised world: for these διονύσια were the dramatic *Olympia* of Greece. It was then that the new tragedies were brought out, and the great annual contest took place. We may estimate the importance attached to these scenic exhibitions, from the care manifested in providing by public enactment for their due regulation and support. They were placed under the immediate superintendence of the first magistrates in the state: the representations at the *great Dionysia* under that of the chief archon, those at the *Lenaea* under that of him called the king archon. To this presiding archon the candidates presented their pieces. He selected the

most deserving compositions, and assigned to every poet, thus deemed worthy of admission to the contest, three actors by lot, together with a chorus. The *ἱπατήτας* of each tribe selected one of their body to bear the cost and superintend the training of a chorus. This individual was termed *χορηγός*, his office *χορηγία*. Whilst some of the choragi provided the tragic and comic choruses at the two *Dionysia*, the others furnished the remaining choruses—the *χοροὶ ἄνδρων*, the *χοροὶ τελείων*, &c. We have fortunately a particular statement of the several choragic expenses left us by Lysias, in one of his minor orations. *Ἄπολογος Διονύσιον*. vol. i. p. 395. The dates referred to in this passage extend from B. C. 410 to B. C. 402; and consequently include the latter years of Sophocles and Euripides, with the prime of Aristophanes. During this period, we see that the expenses of a tragic *χορηγία* were not quite 1000.; of a comic, little more than 50.; whilst that of the *χοροὶ τελείων*, the most costly of them all, amounted to about 1600. Some years after this a reduction seems to have taken place in choragic expenses, for the charges of a tragic chorus are then stated as being 2,500 (80L) instead of 3000 drachmae (100L). No one could legally be choragus of a chorus of boys unless he were above forty years of age. With respect to the other choruses, the age required in the several choragi is not known. No foreigner was allowed to dance in the choruses of the great *Dionysia*. If any choragus was convicted of employing one in his chorus, he was liable to a fine of a thousand drachmae. This law did not extend to the *Lenaea*; there the *Mitræ* also might be choragi. The rival choragi were termed *ἀντίχορηγοι*; the contending dramatic poets, and the composers for the Cycilian, or other choruses, *ἀντίθεατρα*; the performers, *ἀντίχριστοι*. The prize of tragedy was originally a goat; of comedy, a jar of wine and a basket of figs; but of these we have no intimation after the first stage in the history of the drama. In later times the successful poet was simply rewarded with a wreath of ivy. His name was also proclaimed before the audience. His choragus and performers were adorned in like manner. The poet used also, with his actors, to sacrifice the *ιαντίνα*, and provide an entertainment, to which his friends were invited. The victorious choragus, in a tragic contest, dedicated a tablet to Bacchus, inscribed with the names of himself, his poet, and the archon. In comedy, the choragus likewise consecrated to the same god the dress and ornaments of his actors. The merits of the candidates were decided by judges appointed by the archon. Their number was usually five. \* \* \*

"The actors were called *ἰστορεῖται*, or *ἀγωνισταί*. They took every pains to attain perfection in their art: to acquire muscular energy and pliancy they frequented the palestra, and to give strength and clearness to their voice they observed a rigid diet. An eminent performer was eagerly sought after and liberally rewarded. The celebrated Polus would sometimes gain a talent (or nearly 200L) in the course of two days. The other states of Greece were always anxious to secure the best Attic performers for their own festivals. They engaged them long beforehand, and the agreement was generally accompanied by a stipulation that the actor, in case he failed to fulfil the contract, should pay a certain sum. The Athenian government, on the other hand, punished their performers with a heavy fine if they absented themselves during the city's festivals. Eminence in the histrioic profession seems to have been held in considerable

estimation in Athens at least. Players were not unfrequently sent, as the representatives of the republic, on embassies and deputations. Hence they became in old, as not unfrequently in modern times, self-conceited and domineering: *μῆτρας δύνασται*, says Aristotle, *τὸν τοντὸν σιγηρα, the players have more influence than the poets themselves.* They were, however, as a body, men of loose and dissipated character, and as such were regarded with an unfavourable eye by the moralists and philosophers of that age."

It is droll to find Aristotle thus blaming performers for the very same fault we hear so much imputed to them in the present day. On Greek architecture, the following is interesting, though briefly put.

"No trace is to be found of any pavement in the streets. The houses of the heroes were large and spacious, and at the same time suited to the climate. The court was surrounded by a gallery, round which the bed-chambers were built. The entrance from the court to the hall was direct, which was the common place of resort. Movable seats (*θέσις*) stood along the sides of the walls. Every thing shone with brass. On one side was a place of deposit, where the arms were kept. In the background was the hearth, and the seat for the lady of the mansion, when she made her appearance below. Several steps led from thence to a higher gallery, near which were the chambers of the women, where they were employed in household labours, especially in weaving. Several ovens for the purpose of grinding and baking were connected with the house; others for the common habitations of the male and female slaves; and also stables for the horses. The stalls for cattle were commonly in the fields. In the dwellings and halls of the kings there prevailed a certain grandeur and splendour, which, however, we can hardly designate by the name of scientific architecture. But when the monarchical forms disappeared, and the habit of living in cities began to prevail, and republican equality at the same time gained ground, those differences in the dwellings disappeared of themselves; and every thing that we read respecting private houses, in every subsequent age, confirms us in the idea that they had no pretensions to elegance of construction. It would be difficult to produce a single example of such a building. Indeed, we find express evidence to the contrary. Athens was by no means a fine city like some of our modern ones, in which there are whole streets of palaces occupied as the dwellings of private persons. A stranger might have been at Athens without imagining himself to be in the city which contained the greatest master-pieces of architecture. The splendour of the city was not perceived till the public squares and the Acropolis were approached. The small dwellings of Themistocles and Aristides were long pointed out; and the building of large houses was regarded as a proof of pride. But when luxury increased, houses were built on a larger scale; several chambers for the accommodation of strangers and for other purposes were built round the court, which commonly formed the centre; but all this might take place, and yet the building could lay no claim to beauty. If a town, which was, it is true, but a provincial town, may be cited to corroborate this, we have one still before our eyes. A walk through the excavated streets of Pompeii will be sufficient to establish our remark. Where the pomp and splendour of the public edifices were to great as among the Greeks, it was not pos-

sible for private buildings to rival them. Architecture, as applied to public purposes, began with the construction of temples; and till the time of the Persian war, or that which immediately preceded it, we hear of no other considerable public edifices. The other principal kinds of public buildings which were conspicuous for their splendour, were the theatres, the places for musical exhibitions, the porticos, and the gymnasia. This line of division, carefully drawn between domestic and public architecture by the Greeks, who regarded the latter only as belonging to the fine arts, gives a new proof of their correct taste. In buildings destined for dwellings, convenience and architecture are in constant opposition. The architect desires in his works to execute some grand idea independent of the common wants of life; but a dwelling is intended to meet those very wants, and is in no respect founded on ideas connected with beauty. The temples are dwellings also, but dwellings of the gods; and as they have no wants in their places of abode, art finds here no obstacle to its inventive powers."

We shall conclude with a quotation respecting the monetary system of Athens, which, if it does not present entirely novel features, certainly puts several curious facts in a very distinct point of view.

"The system of banking pursued at Athens gave occasion to a new kind of money, constructed upon the credit of individuals, or of companies, and acting as a substitute for the legal currency. In the time of Demosthenes, and even at an earlier period, bankers appear to have been numerous, not only in Piraeus, but also in the upper city; and it was principally by their means, that capital, which would otherwise have been unemployed, was distributed and made productive. Athenian bankers were, in many instances, manufacturers, or speculators in land, conducting the different branches of their business by means of partners or confidential servants, and acquiring a sufficient profit to remunerate themselves, and to pay a small rate of interest for the capital intrusted to them. But this was not the only benefit they imparted to the operations of commerce. Their ledgers were books of transfer, and the entries made in them, although they cannot properly be called a part of the circulation, acted in all other respects as bills of exchange. In this particular they bore a strong resemblance to modern banks of deposit. A depositor desired his banker to transfer to some other name a portion of the credit assigned to him in the books of the bank; and by this method, aided, as it probably was, by a general understanding among the bankers (or, in the modern phrase, a clearing house), credit was easily and constantly converted into money in ancient Athens. 'If you do not know,' says Demosthenes, 'that credit is the readiest capital for acquiring wealth, you know positively nothing.' The spirit of refinement may be traced one step further. Orders were certainly issued by the government in anticipation of future receipts, and may fairly be considered as having had the force and operation of exchequer bills. They were known by the name of *ἀρχείοντα*. We learn, for instance, from the inscription of the Choiseul marble, written near the close of the Peloponnesian war, that bills of this description were drawn at that time by the government of Athens on the receiver-general at Samos, and made payable, in one instance, to the paymaster at Athens; in another, to the general of division at Samos. These bills

were doubtless employed as money on the credit of the in-coming taxes, and entered probably, together with others of the same kind, into the circulation of the period. The gold employed by the ancients for their coin, if not obtained at first in a sufficiently pure state, was improved, as far as their means would admit of it, by grinding and roasting. They were not able to separate the baser admixture by any chemical process, but they could expel it by the action of fire, leaving the gold itself uninjured. It is in this way that we understand the words *χρυσός ἀράπειος*, used by Thucydides (ii. 13), which the scholiast interprets *τελείων ἡγεμόνος, χρυσός ἀράπειος*, and the word *ορύζαντος* occurs in Pliny and Suetonius, denoting gold so purified. But simple as the operation was, it seems to have been completely successful. The Darics of Persia appear to have contained only a part of alloy; the gold coins of Philip and Alexander reach a much higher degree of fineness; and from some experiments made at Paris on a gold coin of Vespasian, it appears that, in that instance, the alloy was only in the ratio of one to 788. In our own gold coin the alloy consists of one part in twelve. \*

"The medals of the ancients were produced by the hammer, rather than by melting. It appears, indeed, that the *στατήρ*, or piece of un-stamped metal, was commonly prepared for the die by melting, but afterwards the impression was given to it by the hammer. \* \* \*

"It is a singular fact, that in very few instances have any two ancient coins been found which evidently proceed from the same die. The Prince Torre-Muzza, for instance, who was for many years a collector of Sicilian medals, could not find in his extensive cabinet any two that corresponded in all particulars with each other."

Again we bestow the meed of well-deserved approbation upon this very clever and very useful volume, which is well digested, and replete with every kind of valuable information.

*The Juvenile Forget Me Not: a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day Present.*  
1833. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London.

Ackermann; Westley and Davis.  
We do not know whether the children of this generation consider themselves particularly lucky: we think they ought, at all events in the present month, when poet, painter, and publisher, exert themselves so much for their amusement. The little volume now before us is enough to make November itself cheerful. Some of the stories are, according to our judgment, the very perfection of childish tales—information and instruction almost imperceptibly conveyed. L. E. L.'s "Indian Island" is one of her best contributions to the Annals: there is a simplicity blended with imagination which gives it a peculiarity of interest. Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Seven and Seventeen" is another very delightful story; and we are glad to meet our old friend Mrs. Hofland, one of the most able instructors of youth. "The Settlers," by Miss Leslie, is a new and striking picture of the hardships endured by the early settlers; and all these are ushered in by a lively "Poetical Preface," by W. H. Harrison. "My Dog Quail" is, however, too interesting a personage for us not to find space for his history.

"Great pains had been bestowed on Quail's education: she was instructed by me and my brothers in every thing we supposed her capable of learning. These she acquired with extraordinary readiness, and very little severity. But the accomplishments thus taught her,

numerous as they were, bore no proportion to those which natural intelligence conferred upon her without instruction. When young, the first preparatory step was to make her perfect in fetching and carrying whatever she was sent for, both in and out of the water, till both elements were alike to her; and this seemed the foundation of every thing else. She soon learned to distinguish what belonged to every person, and to every part of the person. If I lost a glove, I shewed my hand to Quail, and she set out on a quest, searched every place in and near the house, and almost always succeeded in finding it. This she soon improved into finding, of herself, whatever was dropped, and conveying it to us. Many a pocket-handkerchief was saved in this way, which we never thought of sending Quail in search of. If I met, out of doors, a companion who asked me to walk, and I did not wish to lose time by returning for my hat, I had only to touch my head to Quail, and go on. Our hats lay on the hall-table, and Quail never failed to return to the house, select mine from the rest, and holding it carefully out of the dirt, as she had been taught, bring it to me to a considerable distance. When sent back on such occasions, she sometimes found the door shut, and could not get in; having tried in vain to obtain entrance by scratching, she then adopted another method. There was no rapping to the back door, and the persons knocking generally thumped with their fist; this Quail of her own sagacity learned to imitate with her tail; she turned her side, wagged it against the door, and produced a sound which never failed to bring the people to open it, as if for some human being. Her capability of finding lost things was very useful to us. On one occasion I remember I went out to shoot rails, and having fired at a bird, I prepared to charge again, but could not find my powder-horn. This loss Quail soon comprehended, and instantly set back in search of it. My way had been through several meadows and fields, and across roads and ditches, since I had last used it: through all these she retraced my footsteps, frequently questing through the intricate crossings I had made several times over the same fields, and so unravelling the whole distance I had gone for several miles, at length found the powder-horn, and returned to me with it, after an absence of nearly an hour. The faculty of recognising and carrying away things that had been touched by us was used for a bad purpose, and severely compromised her character. There was an old woman who sold apples and oranges at the corner of the next street. We had a servant boy who often set his eyes on them. One day he took up an orange, and asked the price of it; but thinking it too dear, the old woman snatched it out of his hand, and bid him go home. This was observed by Quail; and when he returned, she immediately ran back, snapp'd up the orange, and brought it to him in triumph. When this quality was discovered, it was soon put into requisition, and all the fruit-women in the town were laid under contribution. The appearance of Quail in the market put every one on the alert; and many a severe blow she received in doing as she was bid. She at last, however, became so artful that she stole quietly behind the stall, watching her opportunity, and carried off the fruit without being perceived. When we found it out, we severely prohibited the practice. Her talent in carrying things in this way was sometimes useful to the servants. We had a very old woman who was fond of snuff, but not able to go for it herself. The boy was not always willing, and he taught Quail to be his substitute. When her box was

empty he put a halfpenny into it, and gave it to Quail, who forthwith carried it in her mouth to the snuff-shop ; and then, rising up to the counter with her fore-legs, she shook her head and rattled the halfpenny in the box. This was soon understood by the shopman, who took the money and filled the box, which Quail brought safely back to our old woman. Within doors her utility and sagacity were equally in requisition. We sat, in the winter time, in a large parlour, reading round the fire, with Quail between the legs of one of us, her head resting on our knees, and waiting for orders, either to ring the bell or shut the door, as occasion might require. On this latter duty she was often sent, as it was usually left open by whoever came in, and the room was sometimes very cold. Her method was to lift up her right fore-paw (for she had actually a human preference for the use of the right hand), and push the door forward till the lock clicked. On one occasion she could not move the door ; and after sundry efforts she returned, whining in that peculiar way by which she expressed embarrassment. It appeared that the room was smoking, and the servant had opened the door to let the smoke out, and placed a smoothing-iron against it to keep it so. Quail pondered for some time on the case, with her head on one side, when, as if the cause suddenly struck her, she ran at the smoothing-iron, and having dragged it away, she pushed with both her feet against the door, shut it, and returned to us rejoicing, with the same feelings, no doubt, as the philosopher when he discovered the mathematical problem. We often placed similar obstructions there, but Quail was never again embarrassed to find out the cause ; she always, however, barked at it, and shook it after she had removed it, as if to express her displeasure for the trouble it gave her. When she found any thing that was mislaid, she was rewarded, and she was not long in applying this to profit. If a knife or spoon was dropped at dinner, she always took it up and presented it to the person next to it. When this did not happen, and she waited in vain, she proceeded to the side-board, where knives were laid, with the handles sometimes projecting over the edge. Here she waited her opportunity, and when no one was observing, slyly drew a knife forward, then let it fall with a noise, took it up, and proceeded to the next person and claimed her reward. It would be endless to mention all the instances in which she improved, by her natural sagacity, every thing she had been mechanically taught ; and there were always such traces of reasoning on cause and effect, that it was almost impossible to suppose she was not gifted, to a certain extent, with the human faculty of arguing cases in her own mind and drawing conclusions. Her power of distinguishing persons was also very great, and decided by means very different from the mere instinct of smell. A circumstance of this kind occurred, which highly gratified an eminent and very sensible artist. Of all the inmates of our family, Quail was most attached to my mother, who returned her good-will, and was very kind to her. She had sat for her picture, and afterwards gone on a visit to a friend for a short time ; and Quail seemed very uneasy at her absence. The picture, which was a strong likeness, was sent home ; and before it was hung up, it stood on the sofa where my mother was used to sit. I could not account one day for the boisterous joy of Quail in the dining-room ; but on looking in, I saw that she had recognised the picture, and was wagging her tail and frisking about, as she always did to express her joy, and

frequently looking up and licking the face—a mark of affection she tried to pay to those she was fond of. When the picture was hung up, she never failed to notice it when she entered the room, and lay for some time before it on the carpet, gazing at it intently; and this practice she continued till my mother's return, and the original quite absorbed her attention from the representation. The ingenious artist who drew it frequently declared, that he considered this recognition the highest compliment that could be paid him, and he preferred it to the most elaborate eulogy of a connoisseur."

We would recommend a more substantial binding: the contents of the *Juvenile Forget Me Not* well deserve all possible durability.

*The Beauties of Percy Bysshe Shelley; consisting of Miscellaneous Selections from his Poetical Works: the whole of the Sensitive Plant, Adonais, Alastor, Julian and Maddalo, and Queen Mab free from the objectionable Passages. With Biographical Memoir.* Third edition. 12mo. pp. 287. London, 1832. Lumley.

**GENERALLY** speaking, we object to "the beauties" of any poet if worth collecting, we are tempted to ask, as Dr. Johnson did of Donne when he gave him his *Beauties of Shakespeare*, "Very good, but where are the rest?" Shelley is a complete exception to this rule: long, unintelligible, and shadowy, as a whole—beautiful in detached passages—he is the writer, of all others, for whom selection is the royal road to popularity. His great fault is, that he writes poetry for poets, and requires too much imagination in his readers. There are some remarks, full of that excellent judgment which was Sir Walter Scott's great characteristic, that are peculiarly applicable to the generality of the themes selected by Shelley.

"The waste of boundless space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision which such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poetry, what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet, as he ascends upon cloudy wing, becomes the shadow only of a thought, and having eluded the comprehension of others, necessarily ends by escaping from that of the author himself. The strength of poetical conception, and the beauty of diction, bestowed upon such prolixions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a painter, could he take a cloud of mist or a wreath of smoke for his canvass."

Shelley was in all respects a visionary; his good was unattainable, his beauty impossible—“he took no count of obstacles.” But with moral and political opinions we have nothing here to do; and of the poetry scattered over his pages let the following extracts speak.

" When the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead-  
When the cloud is scattered  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.  
As music and splendour

*Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute;  
No song but sad dinges.  
Like the wind through a ruined cell  
Or the mournful surges*

That ring the dead seaman's knell.  
When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possesst.  
O Love! who be wakest  
The frailty of all things here,

THE LITERARY GAZETTE AND  
JOURNAL OF THE BELLES LETTRES.

Why choose you the fraildest, dolorous to find  
For your cradle, your home? did your bier?  
Its passions will rock thee, or beset thee never.  
As the storms rock the raven on high,  
Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.  
Ah! faster far than fleetest storm or sted,  
Or the death they bear,  
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
With the wings of care:  
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,  
Shall mine cling to thee,  
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
It may bring to thee."

The Medusa.

" Yet it is less the horror than the grace  
Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone,  
Where the countenances of that dead face  
Are great, but the characters are grown  
Into itself, and there at no more can trace;  
'Tis the melodious bird of beauty thrown  
Alwart the darkness and the glare of pain,  
Which humanize and harmonize the strain."

Exquisite comparison.

" Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbeknown,  
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it needed not."

Fine description.

" Athens arose: a city such as vision  
Brought from the purple crags and silver towers  
Of antiquest cloud, as in derision  
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean-floors  
Pave it; the evening sun pavilions it;  
Its portals are inhabited  
By thunder-toned winds, each head  
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,  
A divine work! Athens dyed by light  
Gleamed with its crest of diamonds, on the will  
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;  
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill  
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead  
In marble immortality, that hill  
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle."

Haut for a summer noon.

" There is a cave,  
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants,  
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,  
And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain  
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.  
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,  
Like snow, or silver, long diamond spires,  
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light:  
And there is heard the ever-moving air,  
Whispering without tree to tree, and birds,  
And bees; and all around are mossy seats,  
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;  
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;  
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,  
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged."

Magnificent landscape.

" Beneath is a wide plain of bolley mist,  
A vale, paving in the morning sky,  
With wave waves which burst in silver light,  
Some lone vale. Behold it, rolling on  
Under the curdling winds, and islanding  
The peak whereon we stand, midway, around  
Encircled by the rock and blooming forests,  
Dim twilight lawns, and crescent-illuminated caves,  
And wind-enchanted shapes of roving mist;  
And far on high the keen sea-clearing mountains  
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
The dawn, as lifted ocean's dazzling spray;  
From some Astartic islet scattered up,  
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.  
The vale is girdled with their walls, a howl  
Extracts from their thaw-coven ravines  
Satiate the listening wind, continuous, vast,  
Awful noise. Hark! the rushing show!  
The sun-awakened avalanche! whose mass,  
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there,  
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds  
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth  
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,  
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now."

Perhaps the following passage is among the finest embodiments of that regret for present suffering, and of the desire of unattainable excellence, which are our writer's chief characteristics.

" All things are well: the very light of heaven  
Is evil; earth's unsparing gifts of love,  
The smallest and most despotic things  
That lurk in the abysses of the deep,  
All objects of our life, even life itself,  
And the poor pittance which the laws allow

Of liberty, the fellowship of man,  
Those duties which his heart of human love  
Should urge him to perform instinctively,  
Are bought and sold as in a public mart  
Of overwhelming selfishness, that sets  
On each to print the stamp-mark of her reign,  
Even love is sold; the solace of all who  
Is turned to deadliest agony; old age  
Shivers in selfish beauty a loathing arms,  
And youth's corrupted heart to prepare  
A life of horror from the blighting hand  
Of commerce; whilst the plenitude that springs  
From unenjoying sensualism, has filled  
All human life with hydra-headed woes,

There is a nobler glory, which survives  
Until our being fades, and sojacing  
All human care, accompanies its change  
Deserts not virtue in the dust of gloom,  
And, in the precincts of the palace of gold,  
Its footsteps through that labyrinthine gloom;

Imbues its lamenments with dauntlessness;  
Even when, from power's avenging hand, it takes  
Its sweetest, last, and noblest title—death;

The consciousness of good, which neither gold,  
Nor sordid fame, nor hope of heavenly bliss,  
Can purchase; but a life of resolute good,  
An irretrievable will, quenches desire  
Of universal happiness, the heart

That beats with it in union, the brain,  
Whose ever-wakeful wisdom toils to change  
Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal.

This commerce of sincerest virtue needs  
No moditative signs of selfishness;

No jealous intercourse of wretched gain;

No blemishes of prudence, cold and long:

In just and equal measure all is weighed,

One scale contains the sum of human weal,

And one, the good man's heart.

How vainly seek  
The selfish for that happiness denied!

To aught but virtue! Blind and hardened, they

Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,  
Who covet power, and know not how to use,

And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give—  
Madly they frustrate still their own designs;

And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy,  
Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,

Pining regrets, and vain repinances,

Disease, disgust, and lassitude, pervade

Their valueless and miserable lives."

Beautiful scenery.

" The oak,  
Expanding its immeasurable arms,  
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids  
Of the tall cedar, overarching, frame  
Most solemn domes within, and far below,  
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
The ash and the acacia floating hang  
Tremulous and pale. Like the serpents, clothed  
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
The gray trunks, and as gemstones infants' eyes,  
With gentle meanings and most innocent wills,  
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
These twine their tendrils with the wedged boughs,  
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves,  
Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,  
And the night's moonlike clearness, mutable  
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
Bound these canopied extend their awls,  
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
Minute yet beatific. One darkest girl  
Sends from its woods of musc-rose, twined with jasmine,  
A soul-disolving odour to invite

To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,  
Silence and Twilight here train sister keep

Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades

Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,  
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent waves,

Images all the woven boughs above,  
And each depending leaf, and every speck

Of azure sky, darting between their charms;

Nor aught else in the liquid mirror leaves

Its portraiture, but some incantant star

By the silaged lattice twinkling fair,

Or palest ed bird, sleeping beneath the moon,

Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,

Unconscious of the day, yet ere his wings

Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon."

" Julian and Maddalo," we think, had better have been omitted. For the curious who delight in coincidences, we must point out one line—most singular when we remember Shelley's melancholy fate. Julian, by whom he personified himself, after some sceptical remark, is thus addressed by his companion :

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" Beware of Providence."

With the exception of this one poem, the volume is not only beautiful, but contains a

world of poetry and thought.

*The Masque of Anarchy; a Poem.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Now first published, with a Preface by Leigh Hunt. London, 1832.

**Moxon.** Having only a portion of this work before us, we prefer giving Mr. Hunt's criticism, especially as we have in our preceding review made some remarks on Shelley's genius.

" The poem, though written purposely in a lax and familiar measure, is highly characteristic of the author. It has all the ardour of his tone; the unbounded sensibility by which he combines the most domestic with the most remote and fanciful images; and the patience, so beautifully checking, and, in fact, produced by, the extreme impatience of his moral feeling. His patience is the deposit of many impatiences, acting upon an equal measure of understanding and moral taste. His wisdom is the wisdom of a heart overcharged with sensibility, acquiring the profoundest notions of justice from the completest sympathy, and at once taking refuge from its pain, and working out its extremest purposes, in the adoption of a stubborn and loving fortitude which neutralises resistance.

His very strokes of humour, while they startle with their quaintness, and even ghastliness, cut to the heart with pathos. 'Anarchy the skeleton,' rising through the streets, and grinning and bowing on each side of him, As well as if his education Had cost ten millions to the nation, is another instance of the union of ludicrousness with terror. Hope, looking more like Despair, and laying herself down before his horses' feet to die, is a touching image. The description of the rise and growth of the Public Enlightenment,

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which was to be earned by a zeal for his species, and warranted by the common good."

The preface does much credit to the kindly feeling and affection with which Mr. Hunt preserves the memory of his friend.

*Discoveries of the Norman Navigators, in Africa, the East Indies, and America; followed by Observations.* By M. Estancelin, Deputy for the Department of the Somme. The author of this curious volume has raised a monument to the honour of Normandy, which will draw from unjust oblivion the ancient glories of the town of Dieppe. Every Frenchman will with pleasure accompany M. E. in his laborious researches. We say laborious; for our local archives being all dispersed and partly destroyed during the storms of the Revolution, it is necessary to search in private collections, and even in foreign countries, for documents relative to our cities.

Our histories state that the Portuguese discovered the west coast of Africa, and were the first that visited the East Indies, doubling the Cape of Good Hope. This is not fact: the Normans had passed the formidable Cape Nun, and had formed establishments on the Senegal, at Sierra Leone, &c., sixty years before the arrival of the Portuguese. One of the first Norman expeditions is of the year 1363: at the head of this expedition were Vallard and Denis of Honfleur. This same Denis discovered a great part of Brazil.

It was the Normans who first settled in the Canary Islands. One of them governed there, with the title of king. Jean de Bethencourt, this king of the Canaries, was a native of the environs of Dieppe.

But there is something better still. A seaman of that town, Captain Cousin, anticipated by some years the celebrated discovery of the route to the East Indies by Vasco de Gama. Cousin sailed in 1488, and returned three years afterwards. This glorious voyage was not without advantage to Normandy. Anglo, a merchant of Rocan, perhaps the richest private individual of the 16th century, partly owed his fortune to the spice trade with the islands of Sunda, before other nations had pushed their mercantile speculations beyond Cape Comorin.

The collection of proofs is the really curious part of the book. Almost a century after the discoveries of Vallard, and Denis of Honfleur, on the coasts of Africa, the Spaniards sent Pietro Guirino, an experienced mariner, to see whether there were any inhabitable countries beyond Cape St. Vincent. Guirino was driven far into the ocean; he was tossed about for forty-five days in the Canary seas; and in his narrative, he says, "Luoghi inogniti e spaventosi à tutti marinari." Yet the Normans reigned quietly in these unknown and frightful countries.

Another remarkable particular is the following:—In our own times, Capt. Sabine, who seems to have undertaken to study the currents of the Atlantic, mentions, as something new, that the equatorial current and that of Guinea offer the phenomenon of two parallel currents in contact with each other, running with great rapidity in opposite directions. Precisely the same remark was made 150 years earlier, by M. Carolus, agent for our African Company.

The author takes care not to forget that a Norman ship was the first that penetrated to Australia, passing through the Strait to which Magellan gave his name seventeen years afterwards. He also reminds us, that we are in-

debted to his countrymen for the discovery of Newfoundland, and consequently for the little that we still possess in those seas.

Lastly, he adduces Norman, J. B. de la Feuillade, as the first European who performed the voyage round the world, at least from west to east. The expedition of La Feuillade was in 1667.

France derived no advantage from the glorious discoveries of the Normans. The author thinks that his countrymen, desiring to keep to themselves the profitable commerce with Africa and India, refrained from publishing their discoveries, for fear of competition.—*From a French Review.*

*Sunshine; or, Lays for Ladies.* 12mo, pp. 86. London, 1832. Willoughby.

A VERY lively and agreeable poetical variety. Messrs. Praed and Fitzgerald were the first to mingle pathos and pleasantry, and who deemed poems as potent as tears for relief. The present writer looks to the laughing side of the question, and makes as light of his miseries as possible; while the musical versification gives an easy flow to his sorrow. We subjoin two poems.

"A Lady's Advice."

Why, love in a cottage, my dear,  
Is all very well for the young;  
But when you've been married a year,  
A different song will be sung;  
And flowers (if they suit the complexion)  
Are all very well for the hair,  
But jewels (a pretty selection)  
Have a vastly superior air.

It's all very pleasant for girls  
To prate about beautiful eyes,  
Dark hair, and its masses of curl,  
Love-kisses and moonlight's soft sighs;  
But Spring with its lilies and roses,  
For ever, my love, will not last,  
And bowers where perfume reposes,  
Must yield to December's cold blast.

I confess for myself when I married  
I deemed that no pleasure could dwell,  
Unless in a garden I tarried,  
With dew-drops on violets to swell;  
But dew-drops, and garden, and flower,  
And incense, and light, and perfume,  
Words of love, and a soft star-lit bower,  
Passed away with the violet's bloom.

And as for the poetry of Fred,  
Why, every one writes in these days;  
Believe me, my love, if you wed,  
You will not be the star of his praise;  
Remember the old man may die,  
Just think on your jointures, dear girl;  
What a portion you'll have by and by,  
How many a jewel and pearl.

You may then marry Fred if you like,  
Or wherever your fancy may lead;  
Ah! I see now my arguments strike—  
(The last was a strong one indeed).  
There, like a sweet girl, dry your tears  
(They do make you look such a fright),  
And, despite of your sighs and your tears,  
We'll go and hear Pasta to-night."

"The Excursion."

Dear Harry, I'm making a party  
To go up to Richmond by water—  
As I know that your appetite's hearty,  
We shall dine at the Star and the Garter:  
There'll be Frederic Scheer from the city;  
There'll be Adelaide Rose from the west;  
And Mr. and Mrs. Van Chitty  
Are sure to go with us if I pressed.

And I have in my head such a scheme,  
I have got such a sweet girl to go—  
Like the visions which come when we dream,  
Like the thoughts of a young poet's brow:  
You must quit, my dear brother, your books,  
And come up from your studies to town:  
Pray put on your very best looks—  
I shall put on my very best gown.

I have managed the matter so well,  
There will not be one man fit to talk with her;  
You must be sure to bear off the belle,  
If you take her, once quite walk with her:  
And you shall sit next her at table,

You shall breathe your sweet tones in her ear;  
(Make love to her while you are able—  
She has got fifteen hundred a-year.)

You must praise all Madonna-like faces  
(For she fancies that her's is that style);  
You must touch on her delicate graces,  
You must vow how adored is her smile;

You can give her a stanza from Byron,  
With a melody out of Tom Moore;  
But don't say that you think her a siren,  
Or she'll possibly point to the door.

You must speak about mutual affection,  
You must talk about beauty and blight,  
You must hint at your fear of rejection,  
You must touch upon love at first sight;  
You must give her a look of the tender,  
With a smile about words that are fading—  
If at that she declines to surrender,  
I should try with a gentle upbraiding.

But, Harry, I dare say you're smiling,  
To think of my lecturing,  
Who all these fine nights are beguiling,  
By keeping such lessons in view;  
All I say is, my dear brother, come,  
And I'll wager a dozen of gloves  
That when you go back again home,  
You'll be murmuring of angels and loves."

We have only to add that the little tome looks very pretty in purple and gold.

*Life of Sir David Baird.*

[Second Notice.]

In pursuing our review of this work, we regret to observe that its editor, Mr. Theodore Hook, enters with all the warmth of a partisan into allegations hostile to the East India Company and its Direction; which cannot but be reflected on the general character of the country. It is true that Sir David Baird was frequently opposed to the superior authorities, and never flinched from asserting his own claims and pretensions. It is equally true that his services were gallant and great; but we are not prepared to go along with his biographer, not only in contending that his views were invariably right, but that dissent from them involved misconduct or injustice. However, it is not for us to sift the various occasions of controversy, and we merely notice the facts in discharging our impartial duty as reviewers. We now resume the narrative from our last No.

Baird having returned to England, obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 71st (originally the 73d), to which he was most zealously and affectionately attached; and a remarkable incident is thus told:—

"When Major Baird was in London at this time, and upon this business, he happened one morning to go into a coffee-house, and was expressing to a friend who was with him the annoyance he felt at the negligence of his Scotch agent, who had neglected to send up the money requisite for concluding the purchase of the commission. He had not observed that Mr. Ewen, a Madras civil servant, who had been his fellow-passenger on the voyage home, was sitting in the adjoining box, and had been paying particular attention to what he had been saying. Mr. Ewen however, followed him out when he quitted the coffee-house, and confessing that he had overheard his conversation, offered him any pecuniary accommodation he might require. Major Baird, although he declined the offer (apprehensive that something more serious than negligence might have delayed his agent's remittances), was yet sensibly touched by the kindness of the proposition, for which he expressed his warmest thanks. But it is curious to observe, that in consequence of this very piece of delicacy on his part, coupled with the unwarrantable delay of his man of business, Lord Cavan, Lord Ludlow, and Sir John Moore, were gazetted before him; and trifling as that circumstance appeared at the moment, its consequences were afterwards most striking. With all these officers Sir David afterwards met on service, and was of course their junior (by three or four days), instead of commanding them, both in Egypt and in Spain. Nothing can more fully justify the common remark, that the most important

effects frequently result from the most trivial causes."

Having rejoined his regiment in India, our gallant subject served with distinction in the campaign under Lord Cornwallis against Tipoo; which terminated in the forced submission of the sultaun in 1792, and the reduction of his wealth and power. In this war the storming of Savendroog, and the taking of other strong forts, afforded opportunities for displaying the bravery of Colonel Baird and his companions in arms. In one of the operations a misadventure befell the division under General Medows, through the faults of guides, and without the slightest imputation on the general, of which affair the following is told:—

"The feelings of General Medows, at this most untoward frustration of his own hopes and the designs of the commander-in-chief, may easily be imagined, although it was universally admitted that no blame whatever could personally attach to him." \* \* \* When General Medows at last did meet Lord Cornwallis on the Carrighout Hill, which the reader will recollect was on the extreme left of the whole line, he naturally exclaimed, 'Why, Medows, where have you been all night?' 'Your lordship may well ask that question,' said the mortified general; and after giving all the explanation he could of the disaster, perceiving Lord Cornwallis to be wounded on the hand, he said, with an expression of stronger feeling than the words convey, 'It is I, my lord, and not you, who should have got a rap over the knuckles on this occasion.'"

There is a long account of the ensuing military command of Baird at Tanjore, and his quarrel with Mr. M——, the political resident, supported by the president in council; with which, as we have hinted, we will not interfere. Our only remark on this part shall be the critical one, that in history we do not see the use of designating a public functionary by the initials of his name "Mr. M——," since, if it be worth ascertaining who the individual was, it is only troubling a reader to refer to preceding works, or to East India registers.

The issue of these disputes seems to have been unsatisfactory to the government; for the 71st regiment was broken up, and drafted into others, and Baird himself sailed for the Cape. Here he accepted a command; and when Lord Mornington (Marques Wellesley) found him there on his way out as governor-general, an arrangement was effected, and he again went to Madras on the staff of the army.

The second and final contest with Tipoo ensued, and no man was more fit to take a leading share in it than the gallant Major-general Baird, whose previous knowledge of the Mysore, and exploits there, made him a leader of the utmost importance. We find, however, at the outset, much dissatisfaction that he should only be entrusted with the command of a brigade, while to a lieutenant-colonel, Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington), was confided the command of the Nizam force; and the author quotes a letter on the point to General Hastings, in which he says—

"It must appear to every one extraordinary that a major-general, sent out expressly by his majesty to serve on the staff in India, should remain in command of three battalions, while a lieutenant-colonel, serving in the same army, is placed at the head of seven, or rather thirteen corps. Meer Allum's request to have the brother of the governor-general in command of the troops under him, is certainly a reason; but this is only made known to me privately, whilst, as the order now stands, I am appa-

rently degraded in the eyes of the army and of my friends at home. Under these circumstances, I trust to your adopting such measures as to you may appear proper, that the real cause may be made known, why Colonel Wellesley is appointed to a superior command."

The army, however, marched against Tipoo, and the war was carried to the gates of Seringapatam by a series of brilliant actions; among which we have an interesting version of the affair in which the Duke of Wellington failed, and which has been so often discussed and so often misrepresented. We copy it.

April 4th, "a body of troops and rocket-men assembled in considerable force in front of the line, under cover of a betel-tope," called the Sultaunpettah Tope. Gen. Baird was directed, with part of his brigade, to dislodge them. He marched at eleven o'clock at night; and after scouring the tope in all directions, (at no time a work of easy operation, on account of ditches five or six feet deep by which it is intersected, for the purpose of watering the betel plants, and rendered infinitely more difficult by the darkness), he discovered that the enemy had already quitted their post. Their retreat rendered General Baird's further stay in the tope unnecessary, and he accordingly prepared to return to the camp; and an officer who had been attached to his force as a guide, confidently undertook to lead the way. At that period Lieut. Lambton of the 33d regiment, (afterwards Lieut.-Col. Lambton, whose scientific labours have made his name so familiar to the learned of all countries), who was on General Baird's staff, came up to him, and assured him that the troops were moving in an opposite direction to that which was intended, and were, in fact, marching directly towards the enemy. The guide was again appealed to, and was confident as before, although Lieutenant Lambton supported his opinion by the fact, that at the night was clear, he had convinced himself by watching the stars, that instead of proceeding in a southerly direction, which it was necessary to do to regain head-quarters, they were travelling due north. In this dilemma, General Baird took a compass from his pocket, and putting a fire-fly upon the glass, ascertained beyond a doubt that Lieutenant Lambton was right, or, as he used humorously to observe, that the "stars were correct;" and immediately the troops were faced about; but owing to the tour which they had made, they fell in with one of the enemy's pickets, which they surprised; and having made prisoners of several of the men composing it, and seized their horses, they returned to camp, whence next morning the army was to march, to take up its ground before Seringapatam. The next day, however, the enemy again possessed themselves of the Sultaunpettah Tope, as well as of some other neighbouring posts, whence it was deemed absolutely necessary to expel them. For this purpose his majesty's 33d regiment, commanded by Colonel Wellesley, was directed to perform a similar duty to that which it would have been General Baird's province to execute the night before, if the enemy had not abandoned their position; and Colonel Shawe, with the 12th regiment, was ordered to take possession of some other posts to the left. This force marched at sunset: Colonel Shawe got possession of a ruined village, and completely succeeded in his object; but Colonel Wellesley advancing at the head of his regiment, the 33d,

into the tope, was instantly attacked, in the darkness of the night, on every side, by a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets—the men gave way, were dispersed, and retreated in disorder, several were killed, and twelve grenadiers were taken prisoners. The report of this disaster ran through the camp like wildfire, and the mortification and distress of Colonel Wellesley himself are described as having been excessive. On the following morning, General Harris ordered a detachment to be formed, consisting of the 94th regiment, two battalions of sepoys, and five guns, under Col. Wellesley's command, to make a second attempt upon the tope. As the 94th regiment formed part of General Baird's brigade, he accompanied it to the parade, where he found General Harris walking about. Upon the arrival of the 94th, all was in readiness for the march; but Colonel Wellesley did not appear to take the command. The troops having waited more than an hour under arms for their leader, General Harris became impatient, and ordered General Baird himself to take the command of them. He instantly mounted his horse, and called his aide-de-camp; but a moment afterwards a generous feeling towards Colonel Wellesley (although he seemed destined to be his rival throughout the campaign) induced him to pause; and going back to General Harris, he said, 'Don't you think, sir, it would be but fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last night?' General Harris listened to the kind and considerate proposal; and shortly afterwards Colonel Wellesley appeared, took the command of the party, and at its head succeeded in getting possession of the tope. This plain statement, while it successfully vindicates Colonel Wellesley from any imputation but that of ill success in a night-attack upon the tope, establishes the magnanimity and honourable feeling of General Baird in the highest degree; and it ought to be added, that it was with the greatest difficulty, in after-times, that General Baird could be brought ever to allude to the circumstance: and it was only a most absurd report connected with Col. Wellesley's conduct upon the occasion, that induced the general to explain the case, which, as it occurred on parade, and in the face of the whole army, is universally known to have been exactly as it is here described."\*

\* "What we have given above, is that which occurred within General Baird's own knowledge. By statements of various persons, and especially that (which is subjoined) of Colonel M'Kenzie, who was with Colonel Wellesley in the tope, his absence from parade is easily accounted for. 'Upon the light company of the 33d, with Captain Col. Wellesley, and myself, who had advanced perhaps too eagerly into the tope, they came suddenly upon a work of the enemy, who opened a heavy fire upon them: the men, too much in advance, finding themselves not supported, retreated precipitately, leaving Colonel Wellesley and Captain Mackenzie by themselves. In such a helpless and hopeless situation, the only thing for these two individuals to do was to endeavour to regain the division; but in attempting it, the darkness of the night was such, that they lost their way; and it was not until they had groped about through strange ground for several hours, that they alone reached the camp. When they arrived, Col. Wellesley proceeded to head-quarters, to report what had happened; but finding that General Harris was not yet awake, he threw himself into a table of the dining-room, and lay down, out with fatigue and anxiety of mind, fall asleep.' This is the statement made by the gallant Col. M'Kenzie, who was Col. Wellesley's companion in the adventure. We give it as it has been repeated to us, and as we believe it; but we cannot quit the subject without remarking on the inviolable partiality of Colonel Beaton (who, before he wrote his history of the war with Tipoo, had been an aide-de-camp of Lord Wellesley's), who, in describing the affair of the discomfiture of Colonel Wellesley's detachment in the tope, says:—'Colonel Wellesley advancing about the same time to attack the Sultaunpettah Tope, was upon entering it assailed on every side by a hot fire of musketry and rockets. This circumstance, joined to the extreme darkness of the night, the uncertainty of the enemy's position, and the badness of the ground, induced him to confine his

\* A tope is a small wood or thicket: betel is the *piper betel* of Linnaeus, and an article of universal consumption amongst the natives of India."

The approaches proceeded, and "on the 9th General Harris received the following letter from Tippoo, who appeared considerably moved by the extensive preparations which he saw in progress:—' The governor-general, Lord Mornington Bahander, sent me a letter, the copy of which is enclosed—you will understand it. I have adhered firmly to treaties. What, then, is the meaning of the advance of the English armies, and the occurrence of hostilities? Inform me. What need I say more?' To this General Harris, on the following day, returned this answer:—' Your letter, enclosing copies of the governor-general's letter, has been received. For the advance of the English and allied armies, and for the occurrence of hostilities, I refer you to the several letters of the governor-general, which are sufficiently explanatory of the subject. What need I say more? April 10, 1799.' The peculiar style of oriental diplomatic literature, will, perhaps, render this letter and answer worthy the notice of the reader."

But having given place to these extracts, all we have now to do is to redeem our promise of contrasting Baird the conqueror of Seringapatam, with Baird the captive of our last *Gazette*.

"On the 3d of May the breach was considered nearly practicable, when General Baird, who had gallantly volunteered his services to command the storming party, (it having been determined that the storm should take place the following day,) was sitting with General Harris in his tent, discussing some details of service, together with Colonel Agnew, the deputy-adjutant-general, when a sudden explosion took place in one of the batteries, which had taken fire. General Baird and Colonel Agnew instantly ran to the front to discover the cause, not only of the explosion, but of a heavy firing which was kept up upon those who were attempting to extinguish the flames, in which service many lives were lost; amongst others, that of Captain Henry Cosby, who was killed by a grape-shot after he had descended from the merlions into the battery. In looking at this affair, General Baird saw in an instant that the whole strength of the enemy's fire came from a number of guns planted all round the breach. This he observed to Colonel Agnew, and also observed that under the circumstances he thought it would be better to give the breach an additional four-and-twenty hours' firing, in order to knock off those defences, and prevent the needless loss of a great number of men in the assault. Colonel Agnew replied, 'If you knew our actual situation as well as I do, you would not think so. We have but two days' rice in camp for the fighting men, and if we do not succeed to-morrow, we must go.' 'I am answered, sir,' said General Baird, 'either we succeed to-morrow, or you will never see me more,' and he instantly prepared to proceed on the service."

The storming force consisted of between four and five thousand men, Europeans and natives, and the whole of these troops "were in the trenches before day-break on the 4th; and in passing along, General Baird recognised a num-

ber of his old companions of the 71st, and even some of his fellow-sufferers in his original captivity at Seringapatam. To these he spoke with his usual kindness and affability, and bade them recollect that they would soon have an opportunity of 'paying off old scores.' It may easily be imagined that such an appeal from their old commander had its effect. In the course of the forenoon, General Baird received the following communication from Colonel Close, the adjutant-general.

*To Major-general Baird, commanding the Troops ordered for the assault of Seringapatam.*

Sir.—The breach being reported practicable, the commander-in-chief desires that the assault may be made this day, at 1 P.M. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

BARRY CLOSE,  
Adj.-gen. of the Army.

Head Quarters, Camp, 4th May, 1799.

P.S. You are requested to shew this order to Major-general Popham, senior officer in the trenches.

B.C.

"It was ten minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon when General Baird, having completed all his arrangements for his heroic enterprise, stepped out of the trenches, and drawing his sword, exclaimed to the men, in the most gallant and animating manner, 'Now, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers.' The effect was like magic. In an instant both columns rushed forward, and entered the bed of the river, and being of course immediately perceived by the enemy, were in a few minutes assailed by a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets. The night before the assault Lieutenant Farquhar had crossed the river and placed sticks, indicating the best ford of the Cauvery. Colonels Sherbrook and St. John of course led the flankers of each column. General Baird had intended to lead the left column himself, but observing that the troops, being very severely galed by the enemy's fire, had swerved from the line of marks which had been made to direct their passage over the river, and had got into deep water (where, although they found themselves protected by the high bank of an old tank, their progress was necessarily retarded), dashed forward himself by the shortest and most exposed passage. By this intrepid movement he gained the opposite bank just at the moment the head of the first column reached it. He cheered the men by his personal example, and himself rushed onwards close to the forlorn hope, which in spite of the determined opposition of the enemy, made good its lodgment in the breach, in which, in six minutes from the first assault, the British colours were seen proudly floating in the breeze, by the troops, who were eagerly following their noble leaders. The gallantry and rapidity of this attack overcame all obstacles. In a few minutes more, the breach was crowded with men, who, according to General Baird's orders, filed off to the right and left. As the troops pressed forward, the enemy retired, and in a very short space of time another British flag was hoisted on the north-west bastion. When General Baird had reached the top of the breach, he discovered, to his inexpressible surprise, a second ditch full of water within the outer wall. The almost insurmountable difficulty of overcoming this unexpected impediment staggered him, and he exclaimed, 'Good God! how shall we get over this?' Fortunately, however, in leading the troops along the ramparts, he discovered some scaffolding, which had been raised for the use of the work-

men who had been repairing the wall, by availing himself of which he was enabled to surmount that which at first appeared an unconquerable obstacle. Having immediately taken advantage of the opportunity which thus luckily presented itself, he crossed the inner ditch, and proceeded by the ramparts to the other side of the fort, where the two columns were to meet, and enter the body of the town. The attack was so sudden and even unexpected, being made in the broad noon of day, and at the general hour of dinner, that the assailants met with no very considerable resistance. The left column, however, was more vigorously opposed; they proceeded along the north rampart, which they found traversed and well defended. It was there Tippoo placed himself; he was the last man to quit the traverses, as they were successively taken possession of by the European troops, and was seen firing upon his enemies with his own hand, his attendants loading and handing him the firelocks; being wounded, however, he endeavoured to return with his people through the sally-port into the fort. It is necessary to observe that part of the 12th regiment, not in strict obedience to orders, instead of proceeding with the rest of the left column along the ramparts, pressed forward into the body of the town, and kept along the inside of the rampart, and found themselves opposite the sally-port, through which the sultana proposed returning. They instantly halted, and commenced firing from the inside, while the rest of the column were firing from the outside, so that Tippoo was literally placed between both fires; and it is to this accidental variation from the orders given to the 12th, that his death may be attributed, for it was on this very spot, as we shall presently see, that he was found buried under the bodies of hundreds of his faithfully devoted subjects and defenders. Meanwhile, General Baird, with the right column, having cleared the south rampart, halted at the east cavalier to give the men breathing-time after the fatigue they had endured under a burning sun, before they entered the town to summon the palace; and while they were resting, Colonel Close came to General Baird, and told him, that a native officer who accompanied him, assured him that Tippoo had caused the twelve grenadiers of the 33d regiment, whom it will be recollectcd had been taken prisoners on the night of the 5th of April in the Sultaunpetah Tope, to be murdered. General Baird desired Colonel Close to be extremely particular in his inquiries touching the truth of his report, which the Mussulmaun persisted in repeating; and when General Baird marched towards the palace, he told Colonel Wallace, of the 74th, that if the man's story was true, the instant he laid hands on Tippoo, he would deliver him over to the grenadiers of the 33d regiment, to be tried for the murder, in cold blood, of their comrades. As the troops were now in possession of every part of the ramparts, and it appeared hopeless in the sultana to make further resistance, General Baird sent forward Major Allan, to offer protection to all persons, Tippoo himself included (for General Baird did not believe the story of the murder of the English soldiers, knowing the mendacity of natives, who may be interested in doing mischief), provided they all surrendered themselves unconditionally; and this proposition was made, with the alternative, that if it were not accepted, the palace would be instantly assaulted, and no quarter given. Upon arriving at the palace, Major Allan found Major Shee, with part of the 33d drawn up opposite to the

gold, in the balcony, over or near which several of the sultan's family appeared, evidently in a state of great alarm and agitation. In a short time, however, Major Allan, together with Captain Scobey and Captain Hastings Fraser, were admitted into the palace by the kiladars, and brought into the presence of two of the younger princes, whom the British officers endeavoured to reassure by promises of protection; and for the purpose of calming all their personal apprehensions, Major Allan offered to remain with them himself. Soon after this, General Baird arrived at the gates of the palace."

The body of the sultan was found, as is well known; and therefore we here conclude our narrative.

"The loss of the European and Indian army during the siege, was twenty-two officers killed, and forty-five wounded, one hundred and eighty European non-commissioned rank and file killed, six hundred and twenty-two wounded, and twenty-two missing; one hundred and nineteen natives killed, four hundred and twenty wounded, and one hundred missing—of the officers twenty-five were killed and wounded in the assault. Upon his return to the palace, General Baird took with him the 74th and the 33rd regiments, ordered them to pile their arms in one of its magnificent courts, and posted guards for the protection of the zenana, and after the fatigues of the eventful day, laid himself down to rest on a carpet in the verandah; thus ensuring and enforcing by his presence the protection he had promised to the helpless women and the family of the dead sultan, who had in the days of his ascendancy inflicted on him the horrors of long and dismal imprisonment, and that too, as has been observed, within a few paces of the very spot where he then reposed, his conqueror!"

Another subject of misunderstanding, and we have finished.

"General Baird having done this, was proceeding to make further arrangements for the tranquillisation and regulation of the town, when Colonel Wellesley arrived at the palace, bringing with him an order from General Harris to General Baird, directing him to deliver over to him (Colonel Wellesley) the command of Seringapatam; the city which he had conquered the day before, and the conquest of which was to him, above all living men, most glorious—and, to use the memorable words of the hero himself (found in the copy of a letter in his possession), 'Before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer.' Deeply did General Baird feel this unexpected blow—but his regret, though mingled with surprise, we may even add, with indignation, partook of no personal feeling of hostility against Colonel Wellesley, whose actual merits, as we have already observed, he always justly appreciated, and whose future exaltation he always confidently anticipated."

*The Poetic Negligée.* By Caleb, Author of "Vox Populi." 12mo. pp. 262. London, 1832. Simpkin and Marshall.

The greatest merit of this book is, that it is printed on pink paper—as if the writer blushed for publishing it. Of all the things about which a poor poet can write, his "loves," as he pleases to call them, are the least interesting to other people; and we doubt if even the Fannys and Kittys to whom such stuff is addressed, care much for the threadbare compliments and trite protestations they contain. A bad imitation of Scott is bad; a bad imitation of Byron

worse: but a bad imitation of Moore is the worst of all. We can suppose such a collection to be compiled by some idler of an officer, who, having nothing else to do, fancies he is in love with every woman he meets, and intrigues with such of the most free of them as will let him. To these he addresses verses, and trifles away that portion of his time which is not worse employed. But what has the public to do with this?—cannot people keep their follies to themselves?

*Family Classical Library.* No. XXXV. Valpy. THIS NO. gives us the second vol. of Euripides, and consists of six tragedies.

*Shakespeare, with Illustrations.* Vol. I. 12mo. Valpy.

The first of an edition of Boydell's Shakespeare, with the text of Malone, 1831, published according to the prevalent monthly mode. A hundred and seventy illustrations are promised; and every person of taste knows how charming these illustrations (Boydell's) are. The present volume, besides a portrait, contains several, in outline, by Romney, Smirke, Hamilton, and Angelica Kauffman, which grace the text in a very pleasing manner, and are well calculated to render the edition popular.

*The Four Gospels, in Greek, for the Use of Schools, from the Text of Griesbach, &c.* 12mo. pp. 257. London, 1832. Taylor.

THIS is a very neat edition of the Gospels, with useful marginal references to parallel passages, and the most important *varia lectiones* from Mill and others as notes. We have read three or four chapters, and can say that it is very carefully printed: there is, however, in our copy a blunder that renders it imperfect, and which we suppose is an oversight of the binder: of the first leaf of John's Gospel we have two impressions, and none of the second and third.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

IT is seldom, we believe, that the voice of humanity is heard without an echo in this country; and we hail with no common sympathy an appeal, made at last, in the cause of the suffering, perhaps, assured that it cannot be made in vain, on behalf of those whose home is the boisterous sea, or whose shelter may be the snow-hut, or the floating iceberg. It is now more than three years since Captain Ross took his departure in search of a north-west passage. In November 1829, he was heard of, as having touched at Icelanburgh, on his northward course. In the month of July it was subsequently reported that the steamer had lost its fore-mast, which was afterwards replaced at Holsteinberg, in Greenland, where the Rockwood, of London, was providentially found, deserted by her crew, and from which the expedition supplied themselves with provisions and stores. The only subsequent account that has reached us was inserted in the *Gazette* for Jan. 1831. It was mentioned that Capt. Ross, after his refit, had been forced back into Lively Bay, Baffin's Bay, where himself and his little crew spent the winter of 1830. The thoughts of where they may have passed the winter of 1831, must excite feelings of the deepest anxiety and sympathy. We do not demand the same ostentatious display of research that accompanied the death of La Pérouse; but, though Captain Ross was not employed by government, the nature of his undertaking,—liberal and enterprising,—whose results could

only be of public advantage and beneficial to civilisation, demand some sacrifices on the part of those for whom that brave commander made so many.

The humane and patriotic design of despatching an overland expedition through the northern continent of America, the chief object of which will be to endeavour to ascertain the fate of Capt. Ross and his companions; and, if within the scope of human powers, to restore them to their country, was brought forward at a meeting convened for the purpose on Thursday at the Horticultural Society's chambers in Regent Street. Sir George Cockburn was in the chair, supported by Mr. Hay, under-secretary to the colonial department, Sir Byam Martin, and many other distinguished naval officers and scientific persons.

The chairman ably and eloquently dwelt on the debt owed by the country to the gallant and adventurous men who endured the fatigues and dangers of distant expeditions to serve the cause of science and exalt the fame of their native land; and then particularised the career of Captain Ross, his chagrin at failing in his first voyage, and his subsequent attempt, at his own peril and expense, to complete the work left unfinished even by the exertions of Parry and Franklin. To stimulate future Britons of the same noble and enterprising character, and to shew that their country never forgot those who, though out of sight, were so devotedly employed in her service, he warmly enforced the propriety of sending out this expedition. He also adverted to the admirable qualifications and gallantry of Captain Back, who had volunteered to lead it; and finally estimated the expense of the attempt for two years at 5000*l.*; and if persevered in for three, at 7000*l.* Of this sum Lord Goderich had recommended to the treasury to give 2000*l.*; the rest he could not for moment doubt would be immediately raised by public subscription.

[We regret that we cannot go more at length into this interesting meeting; but, owing to a mistake, our reporter failed in attending it, and we can only recall to memory the principal points.]

Some conversation ensued, in which it was explained, that the Hudson Bay Company had already exerted themselves to promote the success of the inquiry in the northern parts of America. That it was supposed Captain Ross and his comrades might have reached the Fury, abandoned by Captain Parry, and found in her shelter and fuel. The impression that our brave countrymen might yet exist, and be rescued, was strongly corroborated by the opinion of Captain Beechey, who eulogised Captain Back in the most handsome manner, as the fittest person to conduct the enterprise; but stated that himself, and other naval officers, had been ready for some time to volunteer the same service, in the firm belief that their labours might not be in vain.

Captain Back acknowledged the compliments paid to him. Thanks were voted to the Hudson Bay Company, Sir G. Cockburn, Lord Goderich, and Mr. Hay. Resolutions of furtherance of the object were agreed to, a committee of management named, and a subscription opened. About 800*l.* was down when we last examined the list; and there can be no question that, almost as soon as generally known, more than the whole sum required will be forthcoming, especially as the East India Company, the Trinity House, and other large bodies, may be expected to subscribe liberally.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## AFRICA.

We have in a literary notice alluded to the appearance of the second volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society*; but, late in the week as it is, we cannot refrain from quoting a passage relative to the late traveller Mr. Coulthurst, the last victim to that destructive climate.

"Mr. Coulthurst was the only surviving son of C. Coulthurst, Esq., of Sandway, near Northwich, and was thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. He was educated at Eton; studied afterwards at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he took a very honourable degree; was entered at the Middle Temple, called to the bar, and resided six years in Barbadoes, where the influence of an uncle, who held a high legal situation in the West Indies, seemed calculated to bring him into advantageous practice. But from infancy his heart was set on African enterprise. His family is still in possession of some of his Eton school books, in which maps of Africa, with his supposed travels in the interior, are delineated; and at Barbadoes he used to take long walks in the heat of the day, in order to season himself for the further exposure which he never ceased to contemplate. His eager desires also took a poetical form; and a 'Soliloquy of Mungo Park,' and other pieces of a similar description, of considerable merit, were written by him at different times. The stimulus which at length decided him, however, was the recent success of the Ianders. He feared that if he delayed longer, another expedition would be fitted out on a great scale, and leave nothing which an individual could attempt. He completed his preparations accordingly."

Having quoted this fragment of interesting biography, we shall surely gratify the feelings of our readers by submitting to their perusal, from original MSS., some of the poetical compositions here alluded to. The first is very affecting, and

*Supposed to be Mungo Park's Soliloquy.*

While from the forest frowning down the steep,  
O'er hills of plain noon's changing shadows sweep,  
Climb, and sick, and wearied stand alone,  
Beneath this towering rock, sit, and moan!  
Whose more grown canoes, on high o'erpread,  
From the fishes ray shall shield my throbbing head:  
Kindly it bids me to its shelter trust,  
Or, kindest still, 'twill crush me into dust.  
Friendship! revered, but yet afflicting name,  
This thirsty desert nursed the quickening flame,  
With that warm cement joined our kindred hearts,  
Which mutual suffering, mutual hope, imparts;  
But, oh! delusive, like the vapoury beam  
That lures the stranger to his fabled stream,  
To add excitement to the pangs of thirst;  
On me 'tis well its venomous load the worst!  
Why count the forests, whose scented air  
To the soul joyful, to God in prayer,  
When flashed conviction on this living land,  
Who fears a flower, will neglect mankind?  
There art thou laid! affection's fostering care  
Sank o'er the toils too fondly asked to share—  
Cheered by fresh hopes, fresh scenes, we hitherto strayed,  
Neath the tall palm or sweet mimosa's shade.

With features rude as when the world began,  
Here nature's smile is lost in man;  
So wild and wondrous all my soul to fill,  
The landscape brightens from each lonely hill.  
Fantastic cliffs that pierce my bleeding feet,  
With horrid glare reflect the burning heat,  
From whose high pinnacle I dimly view  
A sandy ocean and horizon blue;  
Where not the acacia strikes her tapering root,  
Nor zebra browses mid her golden fruit;  
Encircling forests to the glowing skies  
Blend their rank foliage in a thousand dyes.

No friendly negro bids the stranger stay—  
The bushman's voice hath charmed his heart away;  
The swarthy Moor with a vindictive scowl,  
Spurs his proud steed, and grasps his angry steel.  
Better to fall exhausted on the waste,  
Than the lone captive's cup of sorrow taste;  
Than lingering pine upon this sun-worn shore,  
Where shapeless caves swing back the hyena's roar;

And see on sails of speed the ostrich roam,  
That will not waft me to a happier home.

Ye bright sands, rippling with inconstant wave,  
The sun may drift over your unhonoured grave—  
I spy relief, nor that at All's best—  
Where insult cannot gibe, nor faith betray,  
But living fountains for the thirsty play;  
Glare, mid-day's heat, or evening vapour's fly!  
The friendless Christian does not fear to die.

Scared from the swampy dingle far below,  
Spread the wild pelican her wings of snow,  
And on her tender errand as she flies,  
To my strained sight what long-lost forms arise?  
Of love and friendship, as in act to part,  
Pressed their warm fingers to my withering heart,  
But could not calm the fever of unrest,  
Th' impassioned pulse that played within my breast;  
That undefined, perchance, celestial fire,  
Which still shall glow, till worlds themselves expire.  
Yes, let the dreary wilderness extend  
On the dark thicket, blackest clouds descend,  
Or venomous sand-hills guard the secret spring,  
Yet check not Enterprise his early wing.

Our next specimen consists of

*Lines written at Sea.*

Upon the wide and wintry seas  
As desolate I roam,  
My throbbing spirit, ill at ease,  
Sighs for its native home;  
For all the nameless blandishments  
That grace the cherished spot;  
Discomfort shines through wind-worn rents,  
The sailor's rugged lot.

I raise my head and clear my brow,  
And strive not to repine,  
And the heart's aching pain I bawow,  
And with the tempest briny swell,  
But with the heaving billows' swell,  
My heart seems heaving too;  
And thoughts that tears forbid to tell  
Come crowding fast to view.

I fain whilst the hissing urn  
Its churlish chores,  
Some ask whereat will he return?—  
Where now his vessel lives?  
My sister, I thy hand did press,  
When her fresh sails were set—  
As thy young eyes of tenderness,  
They now are dripping wet.

And driving with the wailing tide  
On Africa's rugged shore,  
Returns my boyhood's cherished pride,  
In that dark country's lore.  
But when return the envied days  
Together we have spent?

Vet shall, between the ocean's lays,  
Each wish towards home be sent.

Each fairy dream of happiness,  
Each web of fancy spun,  
Thither recline, all consciousness,

As shadows to the sun;  
And though the breeze my mirror break,  
Another still succeeds—

The idea won't the soul forsake,

Or which it freshly bleeds.

Yes, tropic suns may drink the blood  
Of young life to the lees,  
But cannot crisp the changeless flood  
Of thoughts so prised as these;  
Nor tropic gales more fierce can blow  
Within their viseless sphere,  
Than this lone bosom's ever glow  
For those more doubly dear.

The next strain has, we believe, been printed before, in a provincial journal: it also still turns towards Africa.

*On the Death of Major Laing.*

I wish I were laid upon Zara's sand,  
Where thou art so calmly lying;  
And the speaking eye, and the sun-set hand,  
But an ebb to its wave supplying.

For short is the pang of the murderous arm,  
And soon does the life-blood thicken;  
And a noble cause sheds a sunset charm,  
As the ambushed arrows quicken.

Almost I could envy thine early fate,  
Were it not for one forsaken,  
Where you Roman archery bears its state,  
And the Syrtis currents waken.

And nobler by far than the battle-field  
Is the couch where thou art lying—  
The wide horizon's purple shield,  
And the Simum's blazon flying.

In conclusion, we copy from the *Transactions* the following curious notice connected with the country—the theme of these hays:—

"In the month of May 1831, most of the merchants at Bathurst formed themselves into an association (with a capital of 5000*l.*) for

the purpose of trading to the source of the river Gambia, or as high up as should be found practicable. They assumed the appellation of the 'Tandah Company,' from Tandah, the name of the country highest up the river of which they had any authentic information; the principal trading port of which, called Tenda-Conda in the chart, is stated to be several 'tides' above the Falls of Barracuda. Tandah, and the neighbouring states, are very productive in wax, hides, and ivory; and contain, it is said, some mines of gold. The people, who are of a mild disposition, have shewn much inclination to trade; but, through the intervention of the Woolli tribe, have hitherto been prevented from reaching the British factories. The object of the merchants is, in the first place, to effect a firm footing in the Tandah country, where they hope to draw a considerable gum trade from the neighbouring states; and then, by degrees, to attract the traders from Bambaka, Kaarta, Bambarra, Bourree, Koukan, Footah-Jallon, and the intermediate countries, to all of which Tandah is a central point. The lieutenant-governor thinks that the extent to which the merchants may be thus able to open an intercourse with the interior of Africa, can hardly be estimated, if the company should form caravans of the discharged soldiers on the coast, many of whom are natives of those countries, and who could join with the merchants and trade in cofflees between the Gambia and Segu, Bourree, Timbuctoo, &c. He therefore applied for the permission of the secretary of state to incur small expenditure in exploring the river with the colonial schooner and canoes; and expressed an intention of performing this service in person. Lord Goderich approved of this expedition, and the lieutenant-governor has only been prevented from as yet effecting his object by the recent hostilities in which he has been engaged with the King of Barra."

## FINE ARTS.

## WINTER EXHIBITION

*Of deceased and living British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.*

THE Suffolk Street Gallery will open to the public on Monday next, with what may be termed a winter wreath of art; in which the past and the present of the British school are to a certain extent brought into juxtaposition; and although the near neighbourhood of the evergreens of former days, the tints of which have been mellowed and enriched by the hand of time, may in some respects be unfavourable to plants of recent growth, yet there are points in which the comparison will be in no way discreditable to the latter.

Of the attractions of this novel exhibition we can speak with confidence: and we have no doubt that the variety of talent thus assembled will prove highly interesting to the public in general, as well as to the amateur. To say that the rooms are rich in examples from the pencils of Dobson, Walker, Richardson, Jervis, Reynolds, Wilson, Hogarth, Worlidge, Gainsborough, Zoffany, Loutherbourg, Opie, Morland, Romney, Kirk, Raeburn, Harlowe, West, Owen, Hopper, Fuseli, Bonington, Jackson, Lawrence, Northcote, Liversege, &c., would be a sufficient guarantee for the truth of our assertion, even were we unable to add, that of living art, many productions of various degrees of merit will be found under the names of Stothard, Smirke, Hart, J. Wilson, Allan, Child, Clater, Starke, Linton, Wood, Burnet, Hancock, Wyatt, Mrs. Carpenter, R. B. Davis,

Lance, Holland, Barker, Boaden, Kidd, Linnell, Roberts, R. T. Bone, Miss Dagley, Thayer, &c. &c.

The works are upwards of three hundred in number. We shall take another opportunity of pointing out such as appear to us to be most deserving of notice.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Byron.* Part VIII. Murray.

The preceding parts of this delightful publication have exhausted our vocabulary of admiration; and were it not so, we should find it difficult to discover words that would adequately express our sense of the beauty of "Bacharach," after Turner; "St. Sophia, Constantinople," after Roberts; "Mount Etna," after Purser; "The Simplon," after Gastein; or "Verona," after Callicot. They may be equalled, but they can never be excelled.

*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures.* With Historical and Critical Descriptions and Dissertations, by Allan Cunningham. No. III. WE think this a decided improvement upon the former numbers of the work. The Wilson, especially, is a very rich and beautiful plate.

*Memorials of Oxford.* Edited by the Rev. J. Ingram, D. D., President of Trinity College. With Engravings by J. Le Keux, from original Drawings by F. Mackenzie. No. I. Oxford, Parker, Slatter, and Graham; London, Tilt.

WHEN Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Le Keux combine their talents, the result must always be highly satisfactory. The present number contains two very pleasing plates; especially the view of the interior of the Chapter House of the Cathedral.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.\*

I, who, erewhile, with Hope's delightful strain,  
To Italy's bright sun and siren bay,  
O'er the blue splendour of the midland main,  
Accompanied the Minstrel on his way,  
And preluded his glories yet to come—  
The golden close of Fame's unclouded day—  
Now strew these fading flowers on his untimely tomb.  
HARP of the North! Death's ruthless stroke  
Thy chord, that witched the world, has broke,  
And thou in Dryburgh's hallowed gloom  
Ly'st on the great magician's tomb:  
Thy chord is broke, but ne'er shall die  
The echo of his minstrelsy.  
Drawn by the magic of his rhyme,  
Wild, romantic, bold, sublime,  
Not Caledonia's sons alone,  
The race of her poetic zone,  
But in far Dryburgh's still retreat  
The pilgrims of the world shall meet,  
And tell of him whose changeful lay  
Held o'er each heart resistless sway—  
Could rouse the passions, yet control—  
Could soothe, yet elevate the soul—  
And tranced in visions of delight  
The summer day and winter night.

Yet while his lay had power to bind  
In chain of sympathy mankind,  
And on the universe imprest  
Each image glowing in his breast,  
While o'er the world his spell was thrown,  
Scotland, his heart was thine alone—  
To thee the patriot passion given,  
Thy rocks, thy lakes, his earthly heaven.

\* For this tribute to our departed minstrel we are indebted to the feeling and genius of his admired contemporary, Mr. Sotheby.—ED. L. G.

E'en when Italia's treacherous gale  
Lured to the syren bay his sail,  
While round him breathed from every bower  
The fragrance of the orange flower,  
"Land of the mountain and the flood,"  
They image still before him stood;  
And when life's sunshine was o'er cast,  
Ne'er from his dream that vision past.

His prayer was heard, to view once more,  
While death yet paused, his haunts of yore,  
Where Tweed his course romantic leads  
'Mid Abbotsford's delightful meads,  
Or where the woods he planted spread  
Their grateful shadow o'er his head.

His prayer was heard—he sunk to rest  
Beneath that roof where life was blest,  
Sunk in their arms whose ceaseless care  
Watched o'er a father's silver hair,  
While his last look on them reposed,  
And death in peace his eyelid closed.

His prayer was heard: where Scott had birth,  
He rests within his native earth;  
There, in proud Dryburgh's sacred aisle,  
Raise, Scotland, his sepulchral pile:  
But not the sculptor's utmost art  
That to a rock can life impart—  
'Tis Scott's imperishable page  
That spreads his fame from age to age:  
It needs not where his relics lie  
The pomp of idle eulogy—  
One word shall consecrate the stone,  
Bard of the North! thy name alone!

## EXTRACTS

From the forthcoming Volume of Poems by Mr. Elliott, Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes."

LIGHT is around him, and the chime of streams;  
Bees hum o'er swallows yet; and in the brake,  
Coil'd like a chain of amethyst, the snake  
Basks on the bank, above the streamer's flow.  
Oh, there are beauteous plumes, and many a  
bill,  
And life, and love, beneath the ivy's bough!  
The swallow dips his purple in the rill,  
The lark sings in the cloud, and from the hill  
The blackbird's song replies.

• • • • •  
The storm hath ceased. The sun is set: the  
trees  
Are fain to slumber; and, on ocean's breast,  
How softly, yet how solemnly, the breeze,  
With unperceived gradation, sinks to rest!  
No voice, no sound is on the ear impress'd;  
Twilight is weeping o'er the pensive rose;  
The stout slumbers, coil'd up in his nest;  
The grossbeak on the owl's perch seeks repose;  
And o'er the heights, behold! a pale light grows.  
Waked by the bat, up springs the startled  
snake.  
The cloud's edge brightens—lo, the moon! and  
grove,  
And tree, and shrub, bathed in her beams,  
With tresses cluster'd like the locks of love.  
Behold! the ocean's tremor, slowly move  
The cloud-like sails; and, as their way they  
urge,  
Fancy might almost deem she saw, above,  
The streamer's chasten'd hues: bright sleeps  
the surge,  
And dark the rocks, on ocean's glittering verge.  
• • • • •  
White billow, know'st thou Scotland? did thy  
wet  
Foot ever spurn the shell on her loved strand?  
There hast thou stoop'd, the sea-weed gray to  
fret—  
Or glaze the pebble with thy crystal hand?  
I am of Scotland. Dear to me the sand

That sparkles where my infant days were  
nursed!

Dear is the vilest weed of that wild land  
Where I have been so happy, so accursed!  
Oh, tell me, hast thou seen my lady stand  
Upon the moonlight shore, with troubled eye,  
Looking towards Norway? didst thou gaze on  
her?

And did she speak of one far thence, and sigh?

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## TALE OF A POST-OFFICE.

L. E. L. contributes two sweet poems to the *Keepsake* of this year; but we have selected, for variety's sake, a comic tale from her pen, called "One peep was enough," wherewith to enliven our pages this week.

"All places have their peculiarities: now that of Dalton was discourse—that species of discourse which Johnson's Dictionary entitles 'conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves.' Everybody knew what everybody did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, wakings, sleepings, walkings, talkings, sayings, doings,—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town. There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame, who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour—that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly; for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market-place, and not a scrap of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or the meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A.'s pair of fowls, and Mrs. B.'s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that in the hurry of observing her neighbours' dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own. It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger, who took up his abode at the White Hart: not that there was any thing remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle-aged, respectable-looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and Heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal: he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the *Morning Herald* (for the post came in of an evening), and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was most extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There were no chalybeate springs, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighbourhood, left expressly for antiquarians and pic-nic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short, there was 'no nothing.' It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr. Williams—but that was the extent of their knowledge; and, shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakespeare, 'exhausted worlds,

and then imagined new." Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped from a mad-house, a second that he had killed some one in a duel; but all agreed that he came there for no good. It was the 23d of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to "John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton. Eagerly was it compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith of dinnerless memory; the fat landlady of the White Hart was on tip-toe to peep; while the post-mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in deciphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. "Oh, the monster!" shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words:—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife—the horror is too great!" Not a syllable more could they make out; but what they had read was enough. "He told me," gasped the landlady, "that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh, the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart; and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!" Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation. "I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing," observed Mrs. Mary Smith. "I daresay," returned the post-mistress, "Williams is not his real name." "I don't know that," interrupted the landlady; "Williams is a good hanging name: there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who buried all those poor dear children; I daresay he is some relation of theirs; but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him: he sha'n't poison his wife in my house; out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself." "Lord! Lord! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letters;" and the post-mistress thought in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure. Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentlewoman with an annuity and a front and back parlour, was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post-mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate. "Murder will out," said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which, like Tom Tough, had seen a deal of service; and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate. Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past "the witching hour of night," deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams; and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner-table which was

intended to be the scene of his crime. "He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience," pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it a hack chaise: out of it stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity redoubled—such a pretty young creature, not above nineteen! "I see how it is," thought she, "the old wretch is jealous." All efforts to catch her eye were in vain—the dinner was ready, and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but catching her hand, exclaimed, "Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!" All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned them down to his seat. "I am happy, madam," said the little bustling magistrate, "to have been, under Heaven, the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity." Mr. Crampton paused in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas. "My life!" ejaculated the astonished lady. "Yes, madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account." And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected; but when he came to the terrible words—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentleman, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too. "I can explain all," at last interrupted the visitor. "Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labours of genius: he is writing a melodrama called 'My Wife'—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather objected to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea-coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses." The disconcerted magistrate shook his head, and muttered something about theatres being very immoral. "Quite mistaken, sir," said Mr. Williams. "Our soup is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterwards, I shall be proud to read 'My Wife' aloud, in the hope of your approval, at least of your indulgence—and with the same hope, I bid farewell to my readers."

## DRAMA.

## DRURY LANE.

THE *Doom Kiss*, on its first representation on Monday, was, we discovered, "quite another thing" from the *Court of Queen's Bench*, being a drama of the serious German supernatural school, and depending more on fine music and beautiful scenery than on any other quality for success. In both of these it possesses high claims to applause. The music, by

Bishop, does not strike us as being very original in its ideas, but it is the reminiscence of very pleasing thoughts, and mingled with new combinations, the general effects of which are truly gratifying. Occasionally, we should say the clang of accompaniment is too obstreperous, and this we must the more regret, when such a voice as that of Mr. H. Phillips, whose *début* it was, struggles in vain to be heard through the din. In other things we have only praise to bestow. The overture is above average; Phillips' first air extremely good; Bedford's drinking song capital; Miss Betts' song a charming composition, and Miss Cawse's not less so, though so opposite in style; and finally a sextette, Bedford and five other male voices, admirable. The tenor in this concerted piece is one of the most delightful we ever heard. The scenery was very striking and splendid. The mountain of goblins and spirits, blasted and dangerous; the ruined abbey, solemn and magnificent; and the landscape, with lake and the domains of Arenberg, exquisite. It is almost impossible to believe that even Stanfield and his conditors could have produced so much excellence in five days, which we are assured is the case. The piece owns Mr. Pocock for its author.

Mr. Downton has reappeared here, with even more than his wonted and highly deserved popularity, as *Mawworm* in the *Hypocrite*, and also in the *School for Scandal*. With Jones restored to the other house, and Blanchard also returned, and about to *début*, we really seem to have hopes of the better days of comedy being revived.

## COVENT GARDEN.

AFTER *Waverley* on Wednesday, a new farce, called *The Clutterbucks, or the Rail-road of Lore*, also by Mr. Pocock, taken from the French piece *Le Père d'Occasion*, was produced; and with deserved success. Most of the materials are, indeed, of the conventional and long-established farce character; but these are skilfully handled, and, together with the novelties of incident, make a piece of sufficient originality, as well as liveliness and merriment. The rail-road has little business with the matter, except in bringing the *dramatic persons* as passengers to the scene of action. *Capt. Dashall* (F. Vining) and his rogue of a valet, *Twist* (Jones), arrive in quest of *Miss Poozy* (Miss Lee), who is also blest with a genuine ent-and-outter of a lady-maid, *Kitty Carney* (Mrs. Keeley). The fair damsel, under the sanction of her father (Mr. F. Mathews) is contracted to *Mr. Alexander Clutterbuck, junior* (Keeley), son of a ship-chandler, or some such thing, *Alex. C. senior* (Mr. Bartley); and the pair of citizens also appear from the rail-road conveyance in pursuance of the common object; but not before *Dashall*, in order to forward his views, has assumed the name, &c. of the younger *Clutterbuck*. Out of this assumption grow all the contrivances, *contretemps*, and bustle of the farce; and they are so numerous and entertaining, that we will neither anticipate them nor occupy the space a detail would require, by telling how *Clutterbuck and Son* are set by the ears, and how the plot is wrought out to the desired and usual consummation—the union of the lovers, and the disappointment of the ridiculous pretender. But we will say that the acting was admirable. Jones in *Twist* was the perfection of the Scapin genus, and Mrs. Keeley a consort fit for him—the peerless of waiting-women.

\* Miss Betts's execution is almost faultless; though the quality of her voice is not rich, and she has the great fault of not articulating her words so as to be understood.

Barley, as a passionate citizen, was also excellent; and his son, Keeley, inimitably weak and ludicrous. Miss Lee was a very pretty heroine, and all the other parts ably sustained. The fun never flagged; and hearty laughter throughout rewarded the efforts of author and performers. In a word, *The Clutterbucks* is an merry and effective a farce as has been brought out for many seasons.

On Tuesday evening Farquhar's comedy of the *Beaus' Stratagem* was performed at this theatre; and we very much doubt both the judgment and taste of those concerned in its revival. Vivacious in its action, replete with smartness verging even upon wit, and exhibiting perhaps the best specimen in our language of easy conversational dialogue, still the gross license of its own times is so thoroughly interwoven with its most brilliant qualities, as to render it irreclaimably unfit for present representation. In the declining state of the national theatres, not a customer should be lost; and as many are kept away by pieces of this and a similar tendency, the more seldom they are repeated the better.

The comedy was acted much too coarsely and broadly throughout; too great a straining for dramatic effect, particularly in the scene where Aimwell is wheeled in after his feigned accident. Some of our histrionic professors, unable to keep pace with genuine wit and humour when set down for them, seem to think noise and grimace a sufficient substitute. The personation of Archer by Jones was one of the most careful and highly-finished performances we have had the good luck for some time to witness. If one part had higher merit than another, it was perhaps in his first introduction to *Mrs. Sullen* and *Dorinda*, where the gentleman is allowed to creep out from beneath the livery. *Mrs. Sullen*, if to be acted at all, should be so by a married woman, for many reasons. We felt for Miss Tree in such a situation: she, however, shewed greater spirit than we have witnessed in her this season. She looks jaded. Surely it is not to the benefit of this establishment to impair the physical powers of this excellent actress by overwork. Keeley was amusing, as he always is; but Keeley is not *Scrub*. Miss Taylor, as the rosy-lipped *Cherry*, lisped with much naïveté, and had the good sense not to overact the character. Mr. Abbott, as *Aimwell*, introduced a new version of the fighting scene, in which he highly distinguished himself, though rather late in the field. Miss Sidney, as *Dorinda*, looked pretty; and some nameless person, as *Lady Boundish*, acted most vilely.

*Gibbet*, *Foigard*, and the rest of the thieves and ruffians, merited an earlier catastrophe than the one prepared for them in the comedy. The cast might be much improved by the substitution of Blanchard in the character of *Sullen*, and Meadows in that of *Gibbet*.

#### OLYMPIC.

*Kill or Cure*, another burletta from the ready pen of Mr. Charles Dance, has been performed here since Monday with considerable success. It is a lively, laughable thing, in which the matrimonial infelicities and squabbings of Mr. and Mrs. Brown are illustrated by the capital acting of Mrs. Onger and Liston.

#### VARIETIES.

*Agricultural Employment Society*.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has consented to become the president of this equally benevolent and patriotic institution; the means resorted to

by which to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes have been attended by the best results wherever employed. The spread of industry and comfort is as well worth attention as even "the spread of knowledge."

*The Holy Cross*.—We ought to have noticed that Lord Mahon's *History of the Holy Cross*, extracted from the *Amulet* for 1833, in our last *Gazette*, was read to the Society of Antiquaries on the 10th of February, 1831, and that a tolerably faithful outline of the paper appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of the 12th, which was copied into some of the daily papers.

*Portrait of Sir Walter Scott*.—We have seen the portrait of Sir W. Scott, after Lawrence, as it is in progress under the burin of J. H. Robinson; and we can truly attest that it bids fair to be an excellent likeness of the lamented poet.

*Play-bills*.—The play-bills are pretty constant sources of amusement. One of Drury Lane this week reads thus: "Ben Jonson, the lessee of this theatre, anxious to present the standard dramas of England," and announces the comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, with a strong cast of characters.

*Corn-Law Rhymes*, &c.—We have a portrait of the author of these poems on our table, engraved, we presume, (for no explanation accompanies it,) as a frontispiece to his new volume. It is engraved by A. Duncan, and has a striking expression of countenance.

*Price One Penny*.—No. I. *The Ladies' Weekly Fashions and Journal of Elegance*. Such is the title of a new contemporary, containing coloured prints of half-a-dozen head-dresses, one page, and two of their wearers grouped on another, with a cover, explanatory of the fashions in female dress. How this and the rest of the penny publications can go on, even for a season, puzzles calculation; but we have only to notice them as part of the signs of, we fear, the literary declension of the times.

*Goethe and Schiller*.—Among the MSS. left by Goethe are about five hundred letters of correspondence between him and the illustrious Schiller: this treasure is deposited with the authorities of Weimar.

*Old Oak*.—The oak, a thousand years old, (*Le Cercle* tells us), at Skarsine, Breslau, was destroyed by fire on the 2d of September. It burnt from six till eleven o'clock with great brilliancy, and at last fell with terrible crash, crushing to death one of the inhabitants of Krakowahue, whom curiosity had attracted too near this flaming monarch of the wood. Only a trunk of thirty feet in height remains to mark where this prodigy of the vegetable world was the admiration of so many ages.

*China*.—The present Emperor of China, who employs his leisure hours in literary pursuits, is now superintending the printing of a familiar, or conversational dictionary, in the Chinese language, which it is calculated will extend to the enormous number of 168 thousand volumes; 2,708 persons are constantly employed in editing this work. An old Chinese Encyclopaedia is extant, consisting of 6000 volumes, of which 68 alone are devoted to music.

*Pun*.—A party the other day in Gorhambury Park went to look at the ancient abode of Sir Nicholas Bacon, a ruin of the age of Henry or Elizabeth, when one inquired, "Is there any entrance to see the interior?" To which a punster replied, "To be sure there must be, for it is Two-door architecture!"

*Irish Temperance*.—The temperance people have set up a periodical in Dublin, in which it is stated that 721,564 gallons of whisky less

were drank in Ireland during the first six months of 1831, than during the parallel months of 1830; and that in Scotland, during the same periods, the diminution was 513,697 gallons.

*Potato-Wine*.—A retired French officer at Forges, department of the Mense, has, it is stated, succeeded in extracting a vinous spirit from the potato, out of which he can imitate Muscat and other wines.

*Iron Rail-roads in France*.—The projects for these modern improvements embrace rail-ways from the capital to Rouen and Havre; to Lille, with branches to Calais, Dunkirk, and Valenciennes; to Strasburgh, with a branch to Metz; to Lyons and Marseilles, with a branch to Grenoble; to Bordeaux; and to Tours and Nantes. We know not whether this magnificent and important scheme is likely to be carried into execution.

*Pump*.—An engineer at Strasburg, we observe, claims great merit for inventing a pump which throws the water eighty feet in height. What would the good folks say if they saw one of Mr. Braithwaite's fire-engines?

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sir A. B. Faulkner's *Narrative of his Travels in Germany and Holland* in 1829, 30, 31, is nearly ready.

A new novel, entitled *Golden Legends*, containing the *Bracelet*, the *Locket*, and the *Signet Ring*.

The *Battle of Otterbourne*, which is generally supposed to have given rise to the famous old ballad of "Chevy Chase," forms the basis of the forthcoming new Romance by the Author of "Derwentwater."

A Popular Introduction to the Study of Geology, by Mr. Gideon Mantell, 2 vols. 12mo. Plates, &c.

The Author of the "Usurer's Daughter" has a new novel in the press, entitled the *Puritan's Grave*.

The *Lauret*, a Literary, Political, and Naval Satire, by the Author of "Cavendish."

The *Memoirs of the Court of France*, by the late King Louis XVIII., are nearly ready for publication.

Gifford's long looked-for edition of Shirley, uniform with his Ben Jonson and Massinger, will appear imminently with a new Portrait, engraved by Lupton.

Mr. Slade, who performed a tour in the Black Sea with the Captain Pasha, is about to publish the result of his observations.

The Second Volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* has just appeared, and is ready for the Members, as well as on sale with the booksellers. We shall speedily notice it more at large.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's *Cyclopedia*, Vol. XXXVI. Military Commanders, in 3 vols. Vol. III. 6s. cloth.—Drewry on Suspension Bridges, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Pinkerton's Island of Proprietary, and other Poems, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 4to. 12s. morocco.—Valpy's Shakespeare, with Illustrations, Vol. I. 12s. cloth; Family Classical Library, Vol. XXXV. *Euphrates*, Vol. II. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Memoir of Thomas Hardy, written by Himself, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Dr. William Wood on the Structure and Functions of the Skin, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. VII. *Fashionable Tales*, Vol. II. 5s. cloth.—New Readings of Old Authors, Nos. I. Romeo and Juliet, 1s. 6d. square.—Don's General System of Gardening and Botany, Vol. II. 4to. 37. 12s. cloth.—Bishop Huntingford's *Posthumous Works*, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Hinton's *Harmony of Religious Truth*, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday. 23	From 37. to 53.	30-33 to 30-31
Friday ... 24	37. ... 53.	30-31 Stationary
Saturday ... 25	35. ... 51.	30-28 to 30-27
Sunday ... 26	36. ... 54.	30-27. ... 30-27
Monday ... 27	34. ... 55.	29-27. ... 29-29
Tuesday ... 28	33. ... 52.	30-26. ... 30-26
Wednesday 29	38. ... 53.	30-24. ... 30-24

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.  
Except the 23rd and 30th, cloudy; rain on the 26th and 29th, and evening of the 31st.

Rain fallen, 275 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Le Perroquet*, Nos. 1 and 2, has reached us too late for examination and notice this week.  
We are obliged to defer our intention with regard to B. W.'s communication.

To the inquiries respecting Dr. Bulkeley's Candles, we have to refer to the Advertisement which appeared in our columns at the same time.

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